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The Confession

The day had started out innocently enough. Mike Wheeler and Will Byers were in the basement of the Wheeler house. The former working on a campaign for their next D&D tournament, and the latter sketching different things into the new sketchbook Dustin and Lucas gave him as a get-well present a couple of days after that...thing left his body.

Will looked up from the sketchbook after he heard Mike exhale loudly. He was biting his lower lip, completely focused on the sheet in front of him. Mike didn't notice as Will began running his eyes up and down his face, counting his freckles from the bridge of his nose to the outermost part of his cheeks. He focuses on the way Mike's hair starts to curl more the further away it gets from his scalp, how his dark brown eyes flicker across the page, almost never resting in the same spot for more than a few seconds.

Will doesn't know when he first fell for his best friend. It could have been the first day they met, Mike walking over to where Will sat on the swings, his dark brown hair bouncing as he walked. Or it could have been when they were 9. Will had broken his arm as he was learning how to ride Mike's old bike that he'd given him. Mike didn't leave his side until his arm was completely healed. Or it could have been right after Will had come back from the Upside Down. Mike was always there, always watching to see if he was okay. They would go crazy together. That's what Mike said. Maybe it was a combination of these moments that made Will realize his feelings. All he knew is that he was in deep, and he didn't know if he wanted out.

"I love you," Will blurts out.

Mike freezes for a moment, the pen he was writing with stops mid-sentence. He slowly raised his head to see Will staring at him wide eyed.

"What did you say?" the raven-haired boy asks.

"I loVE YOU, OKAY?" he blurts out again.

Mike stares at him for what feels like eternity, keeping his face blank, not showing any emotion. Will's vision starts to become blurry as tears well up in his eyes.

"I-I'm sorry. I'll just go," he manages to croak out. Will stands up and starts to head for the door when he feels a tug on his arm that turns him around.

He turns around to see Mike standing above him. He brings his hands up to Will's face and wipes away the stray tears with the pads of his thumbs. He then leans down and brushes his lips with Will's ever so slightly. A few seconds later, they break apart as Will stares up at Mike in awe.

"I love you too, Will. I think I have for a long time," Mike whispers, his voice cracking with emotion.

Will's awe struck expression changed to confusion in the blink of an eye. He took a couple of steps back from Mike and started to wring his hands together, a habit he's had ever since he was younger.

"But...how? Why..?" Will struggled to comprehend what just happened between them. He struggled to comprehend the fact that Mike Goddamn Wheeler loves him back. The boy that he's been in love with for years just admitted he loves him.

Seeing the almost automatic expression change on Will's face caused Mike to take a step forward so that Will had to look directly up to even look at Mike's face. But, of course, he didn't do that. He kept his head down low, not able to meet Mike's eyes out of sheer embarrassment and confusion.

"Will. Hey. Look at me."

Will nodded his head feverishly, still refusing to even sneak a glance at Mike. He knows that if he did, he would starting bawling again. He felt a light touch on the bottom of his chin, forcing his head up ever so slightly.

When Will's eyes locked onto Mike's, he felt like he was going to explode. There was so much love and adoration in Mike's eyes, he

wondered how he never saw it before.

"William Byers. I love you. I don't know when it happened exactly or why. All I know is that I do. And nothing, absolutely nothing, is going to change that."

Will froze momentarily before bursting out into a fit of laughter that wouldn't end, while Mike looked at him in confusion.

"No, Mike, I'm sorry. But you've never been smooth a day in your life. How did you manage to be smooth this time?" Will managed to ask between giggling.

Mike stared at Will with an amused, yet exasperated, look on his face. "I have absolutely no god damn idea."

Will managed to stop laughing long enough for Mike to put his arms around him and give him a soft kiss on his forehead. He pressed his head against Mike's chest and wrapped his arms around his waist.

Will would be content if he could only hear Mike's heartbeat for the rest of his life.